THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

.....“VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D.”
COWPER.

VOL. IV.] [No. 45.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum, payable in advance.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE BRITISH SPY IN BOSTON.

LETTER II.

I continued at the supreme court of judicature, listening and observing, until the important juncture, when Theophilus Parsons, ‘THE GIANT OF THE LAW,’ as he is aptly denominated, opened his impressive argument. To a mind, naturally acute, comprehensive, mighty, and original, he is said to unite a memory so retentive, that what he has once added to the rich store of his understanding, no lapse of time, no pressure of occupation, can ever arrest. This treasure of professional knowledge is the inexhaustible fund, whence the unlearned, and the indolent obtain their daily supplies of precedent and authority; for he imparts his intellectual wealth, with the liberal indifference of one, who feels the unrivalled ascendancy of his own attributes and acquirements. I had the pleasure of measuring, with all the faculties I possess, the proportion of his mind with the management of an intricate cause, brought for the enormous sum of four hundred thousand dollars, against the heir of the late lieutenant governor of the commonwealth. I found the general opinion, previous to the opening of the case, against the probability of the plaintiff's recovering more than thirty or forty thousand dollars, and under an inferior genius, it is to be presumed, such would have been the award. Never have I found greater legal ability, nor more professional faithfulness, than were displayed by Mr. Parsons, upon this interesting occasion. The opposite counsel were the attorney general, and Samuel Dexter, men of distinguished talents, and respectable standing; but compared with the brilliancy of his mind, all other vividness appeared dim, every glow of the imagination faint and colourless. In fine, the pre-eminent powers of this man, his laborious research, his strong and comprehensive view of each circumstance, and his judicious arrangement of the whole, obtained for his client the extraordinary sum of one hundred and six thousand dollars, which has almost made me a convert to the opinion of the great Frederic, upon the propriety of shackling or restraining the ascendancy of genius, nor permitting *that* to influence the decrees of justice. A mere statement of facts, given in common-place terms, would probably have bestowed on the plaintiff his forty thousand dollars, and prevented the insolvency of the poor heir at law. Respecting Mr. Parsons, I find it a general sentiment to anticipate success, wherever he is engaged, and to consider the palm of victory as decidedly his due. Hence, most fortunate are they, whose alacrity shall first possess his assistance: and hence, the multiplicity of his employments, and the honourable assiduity, with which he devotes himself to the interest of his client, would insure him a princely fortune, were his disposition rapacious, or in any degree avaricious. But, liberal in his temper, and moderate in his desires, at the head of his honourable profession, his fees are said not to be proportionate to his individual importance, and extortion of every kind a stranger to the character of his practice and his propensity.

Theophilus Parsons has been announced, by some fastidious foreigners, as the only lawyer, in the genuine, and most extensive sense of the term, that America has produced. This is saying too much—He is, indisputably, the first, the most learned in authorities, the most powerful in argument, of the greatest ingenuity in foiling his opponent—Of a wit, impromptu and sarcastic, while his astonishing mind, always at home, now plunging into the deep and intricate recesses of unexplored jurisprudence, then lightly skimming round the flowery fields of fancy, ever superior, and never trivial, even in trifles, with a heart of benevolent feelings, untainted by avarice, and unwarped by ambition, a morality unimpeached and unsuspected, and a temper marked by forbearance and good humour, that disarms enmity, and turns aside the arrows of professional envy and rivalship, it were to be presumed that respect and affection, like handmaids, would attend, and honours would court his acceptance. This is not found, and why it is not, would, to a merely speculative understanding, appear absurd or nugatory. Still, for a man, thus endowed, thus dignified, there remain private respect, individual affection, and universal applause. Were this a world of angels, it might be thus; but Theophilus Parsons, with a mind, in which the amiable, the great, and the good, are blended, has constitutional negligences, characteristic peculiarities, and incidental deficiencies. Whence, those who shrink from his superiority, take shelter in his imperfections, and derive consolation from the blemishes, that appear to mingle with his attributes. Secluding himself from the circles of gay life, and never partaking the conversation of that sex, which refines and civilizes, no attentions are lavished upon his person, no regard bestowed upon the decorums of fashion, and though not naturally ugly, he becomes, by these means, both uncouth and unpolished; and, while the sublimity of his genius should intitle him to undiminished admiration, the cut of his coat, the strangeness of his wig, or the colour of his neckcloth, are the objects of exulting remark, and the subjects of reprehension. In this respect, as in many others, like the chief justice of the United States, Mr. Parsons disregards or despises every external attention to dress, or address, appearing in his own person rather to consult what will deform or repel, than the neatness of habiliment, or the grace of decoration. It may be urged by the before-named philosopher, that truly the coat, a man happens to put on, does not change the original character of his mind—possibly, not wholly nor essentially, yet we are told by the poet,

> “Even from the body's purity, the mind
> Receives a secret, sympathetic aid.”

Hence, a careless disregard to cleanliness, and propriety of apparel, has a tendency to diminish self-respect, and indirectly deprive us of the estimation of others, by generating familiarity, and contracting that distance which separates the extreme of character. To speak the plain language of truth and experience, it is most certain, that while we consent to live with the men of this world, and to be seen by the women of it, a moderate and modest attention to its fashions, its customs, its social and its public regulations, is important to the greatest, as much as to the least, if we would command respect, conciliate esteem, or even be rescued from the cutting contempt of derision. Theophilus Parsons is beyond all this; planting his pleasures where his *honours* have grown *so thick upon him*, decidedly the greatest man in Massachusetts, desiring no recreations, and ordinary delights, it may be asked, why is he not called to grace, and to govern, either in the cabinet, or the senates of the nation? As a rhetorician, more solid than ornamental, his voice not melodious, but powerful, and less provincial than many of his brethren, his manner irresistibly impressive, and his political knowledge in proportion to his other acquirements, why are these elevated properties confined to the ordinary or extraordinary calls of jurisprudence? Of this problem, frequently urged by me in different societies, I have obtained the following solution. Mr. Parsons has long been the leader of a political ‘*Junto*,’ as it is termed, which, in avowed opposition to the republican or democratic powers, that now hold the reins, and direct the vehicle of the supreme authority, no situation, adequate to his merit and pretensions, can be offered for his advancement, and why he was not sought under the former administrations, is to be accounted for on other principles, since, as a distinguished member of the convention for forming the present Federal Constitution, his political knowledge was greatly conspicuous; but disdaining the lure of office, and inemulous of public honours, though persevering and inflexible in his party-opinions, he seeks no personal benefit, is too elevated for patronage, and too independent for recompence. This is well understood; and when Mr. Adams, in the *late* and last hours of his perished authority, attempted to bestow upon him a transient, and perhaps equivocal advancement, with that straightness, and dignity of mind, which are truly his own, he instantly rejected the benefit, that, induced by no personal friendship, could confer no additional honour.

Finally, it is my opinion, and you, my dear S....., will value it according to its worth, that among the first civilians of our own country, and before the greatest judicary it has ever produced, Theophilus Parsons would be estimated, honoured, and preferred, as one, whose attributes entitled him to the ennobling character of a GREAT LAWYER.

[To be continued.]

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF MICKLE.

[*Continued.*]

The conduct of Garrick strongly excited his resentment; he determined to print the tragedy,

begun it, and sent the first sheet of it to the manager. The motives which led him to the first, appear in the preface to the play; what induced him to the latter, he has described in a letter to Mr. Hoole, dated November 5, 1773.

I have just received a letter from Mr. Ballantyne, wherein he acquaints me, that you seemed sorry that Mr. Garrick had seen a proof sheet of the preface to my play. Mr. B. also expressed his surprise how he should have obtained it, and supposed that some person who wished me ill, had sent it, that he might be prepared to prejudice the public against me.

'The truth is, I sent it to him in a blank cover. Let him be prepared as he will. Half a year ago I declared my resolution to my friend Mr. Boswell. He wrote me two earnest dissuasive letters, but in vain. I have maturely considered every circumstance; I have passed the Rubicon, and I will proceed. In a letter to Mr. Boswell, sent off only three days ago, I told him that I should look upon any farther dissuasive as thus, in plain English: "What do you think the public will mind such a scribbler as you? No, my friend, take my advice fold your hands together, submit to the infallibility of Mr. Garrick, and starve." I have also cited the same sentence in a letter now on the table, to governor Johnstone. 'I have passed the Rubicon, I say, but I am not a Kenrick. No friend shall blush for me.' I know what I owe to them and to myself. If I am possessed of any satirical abilities, Mr. G. shall feel them. I have planned a new Dunciad, of which he is the hero. As soon as I finish the Lusiad, I shall set about it. If you think proper, you may mention this in any company.'

He was afterwards advised to try its fate on the Edinburgh theatre, but governor Johnstone thinking it might interfere with the completion of the Lusiad, recommended him to lay it entirely aside, until the translation was finished. To this he consented; and when the Lusiad was finished, another friend recommended to him to revise the play, and offer it to Mr. Harris. This was accordingly done, but was still unsuccessful. After this repulse he relinquished all expectations of advantage from the theatre, though he afterwards permitted a person to show the unfortunate play to Mr. Sheridan, and here too it had the same success as with the other managers. Had he lived, he always declared his intention of printing it in the collection of his works.

The approbation which had crowned his translation of the Lusiad, and the respectable name which he had now attained in the literary world, soon banished from his mind the mortifications he suffered from the ill success of his tragedy.

The first edition of the Lusiad being soon sold, he immediately prepared a second, with improvements, which was published in June 1778. For this Mr. Mortimer presented him with an etching, and on the death of that excellent artist, February 4, 1779, he wrote an epitaph for him.

In 1779 he published a pamphlet, entitled 'A candid examination of the reasons for depriving the East India Company of its charter, contained in the history and management of the East India Company, from its commencement to the present time; together with strictures on some of the self- contradictions and historical errors of Dr. Adam Smith, in his reasons for the abolition of the said company, 4to.

About this time, some of his friends had it in contemplation to recommend him to the notice of his majesty, as worthy of a pension. Doctor Lowth, bishop of London, from a knowledge of his virtue and talents, intimated his readiness to give him ordination, with a promise of some provision in the church; but this mode of life was not agreeable to his disposition.

While the scheme of publishing his poems by subscription, was ripening, in which, from the exertions of his friends, he had great reason to hope for success, his friend governor Johnstone was in May 1779, appointed to the command of the Romney man of war, and he immediately offered to appoint him his secretary, in order that he might partake of any good fortune which might attend the cruise. So strict was his regard to the engagement he had previously made with his friends, from whom he had received a few subscriptions for his poems, that it was found a very difficult task to persuade him to accept this offer. It was at length suggested to him, that a new situation would open a new scene, which would enable him to add what might render his volume still more acceptable to his subscribers; under this impression he engaged, and fulfilled his appointment during the remainder of the year.

In November he arrived at Lisbon, and was appointed by the commodore joint agent for the prizes which were taken. At this place he was considered as the translator of the Lusiad, and received with the most flattering marks of attention. There, and in the neighbourhood, he remained for more than six months.

During his stay, he composed his Almada Hill, an epistle from Lisbon, published in quarto, 1781; and collected some particulars concerning the history, manners, and customs, of the Portuguese, which he never arranged.

The Royal Academy being opened while he was at Lisbon, he was present at the ceremony of its commencement, and had the honour to be admitted a member, under the presidency of one of the most illustrious characters of the age, prince don John of Braganza, duke of Lafoens; who presented him with his own portrait, as a mark of his regard.

On his return to England, it was thought necessary that he should stay in London, to attend the proceedings in the courts of law, respecting the condemnation of some prizes; and he did not therefore attend the commodore during his last expedition to the Cape of Good Hope, nor did he any more go to sea.

In 1782, he came forward as an advocate for Chatterton's title, in the Rowleian controversy, and published an ironical pamphlet, intitled, 'The Prophecy of queen Emma, an ancient ballad, lately discovered, written by Johannes Turgottus, prior of Durham, in the reign of William Rufus; to which is added, by the editor, an account of the discovery, and hints towards a vindication of the authenticity of the poems of Ossian and Rowley,' octavo.

On the 6th of June, 1782, he married Miss Tomkins, daughter of the person with whom he resided at Forest-Hill, while he was engaged in translating the Lusiad.

The fortune he acquired under commodore Johnstone, now enabled him to retire to literary leisure and independence. He accordingly took a house at Wheatly, a few miles from Oxford, where he devoted his vacant time to a revision of his poetical works and tragedy, which he proposed publishing by subscription.

The efficient patronage of commodore Johnstone will be remembered to his honour. On the death of his real friend and patron, May 24, 1787, he showed his affection and gratitude to his memory, in some elegiac verses, a copy of which he sent to the gallant Lord Rodney, begging his opinion and correction of the first note, and he received the following answer, dated Albemarle street, May, 16, 1788. 'Nothing can give me more real pleasure, than the affection and gratitude shown by you to the memory of our worthy friend George Johnstone. It is impossible for me not to approve of the verses of the translator of the Lusiad, which, without flattery, in my poor opinion, are equal, if not superior, to Pope's translation of the Iliad. It is impossible not to be pleased with both. Both instil into our minds the glorious idea of doing our duty to our country, and that life without honour is a burden.

'Your note relative to the intelligence sent me in 1761, I think full enough. The intelligence was of that consequence, that without it, every Spanish province in the West Indies had been prepared, as I did not receive orders from England till Martinique was taken, and I had sailed to attack Domingo, in which time my cruisers had taken every Spanish packet that had sailed from Spain with the declaration of war. And the very day I received Mr. Johnstone's dispatches, I sent them to Jamaica, desiring the governor to lay an embargo, and the admiral to seize all Spanish ships; which was done accordingly, and the Spanish governors, totally ignorant of the war, till Sir George Pococke and the British fleet came in sight, some months after, off the Havannah. Mr. Johnstone, therefore, may be properly said to have taken the Havannah.

'With infinite pleasure I beg you will put me down as a subscriber to your works, and beg you will do me the honour of calling upon me, when you come to town.'

During the last years of his life, he occasionally afforded some assistance to the European Magazine, the Fragments of Leo, and several of Reviews of books came from his hand. In September 1788, at the request of a friend, he wrote a song called *Eskdale Braes*, in honour of the place of his birth, a country most beautifully Arcadian, in the center of that district, on the border of Scotland, which is thus described by Dr. Percy, in his 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,' 'Most of the finest old Scottish songs have the scene laid within twenty miles of England, which is indeed all poetic ground, green hills, remains of woods, clear brooks. The pastoral scenes remain; of the rude chivalry of former ages happily nothing remains, but the ruins of the castles.'

This song, in commemoration of a spot, in itself of little importance, but dignified by the birth of heroes. who have bled in defence of their country, and poets, who have given new harmony to the language, was intended to be set to music by James Balmain, Esq. commissioner of the excise, and brother-in-law to commodore Johnstone; so that we should have an Eskdale song, written by a bard of Eskdale, and set to music by a native of the same place.

This was the last composition he lived to finish After a short illness, he died at Wheatly in Oxfordshire, October 25th, 1789, in the 55th year of his age. He was buried at Wheatly. He left a son, with but a scanty provision, whom his executors, Francis Wastie, Esq. of Great Milton, Oxfordshire, and Mr. William Ballantyne, merchant, Savage Gardens, have placed with the Reverend Mr. Nailor at Hammersmith, in order that he may be qualified for admission, on the foundation of Winchester college.

His Poems, including the pieces formerly printed separately, except 'Providence,' with the 'Sorceress,' and other original pieces, and the tragedy of the 'Siege of Marseilles,' were collected and published by subscription, in one volume, quarto, 1794, with some 'Anecotes' of his life "in which are comprised several letters from the late Lord Lyttleton,' with the benevolent purpose of raising a sum to assist the education and provision of his son. His Poems, reprinted from the edition 1794, with his verses *on passing through the Parliament Close of Edinburgh, at midnight*, and some smaller pieces, selected from the Introduction to the Lusiad, and the 'Anecdotes' of his life, are now, for the first time, received into a col-

lection of classical English poetry. His poem on Providence he himself thought too incorrect for republication.

MEMOIRS OF ROBERT BAGE, AUTHOR OF 'MOUNT HENNETH.'

[The following slight sketch of the witty author of "*Hermsprong*" was addressed by his friend Hutton of Derby to the Editor of the Monthly Magazine. Mr. Bage, however reprehensible forwant of orthodoxy, is certainly eminent in that class of Novelists, who strive to make men *merry* as well as wise. His characters are well grouped, his stories narrated with humour, his style is always sprightly, and his moral useful.]

I waited, and earnestly wished, to see in your Magazine some memoirs of the late worthy Mr. Robert Bage. But none appearing after so urgent a solicitation, I think myself bound to pay a tribute to a departed friend whom I dearly loved, who stood one of the first in my esteem, whom I have known perhaps longer than any man living, and with whom I have lived in the closest friendship fifty years.

This uncommon but excellent man was born Feb. 29, 1728, at Darley, a hamlet in the parish of St. Alkmond's, Derby, where his father worked a paper-mill. Though he lived to the age of seventy-three, he could not celebrate more than eighteen birth-days.

His mother died soon after his birth, when his father removed to Derby, but kept the mill. He quickly married a second wife, and, as I resided in the same street, and near him, I well remember he buried her in 1732. He soon procured another, buried her, and ventured upon a fourth, who survived him.

Robert was put to school, so that I did not perfectly know him till 1735, when he was seven years old. He had made at that age such a progress in letters, that he was the wonder of the neighbourhood; he was then in the Latin tongue. My father often held him up to me for imitation, I being much bigger and older. I was then but little acquainted with him, for he moved in a sphere more elevated than I. At this time he was completely master of the manual exercise, and I saw him instructing some young men. He afterwards was trained to his father's business.

In about 1751 he married a young lady, who possessed four accomplishments which seldom meet in one woman, fortune, beauty, good sense, and prudence; I might add a fifth, necessary for the peace of a family, good nature. I have reason to think he found more happiness in domestic life than is usually experienced. Having embraced the marriage state, he entered upon a paper-mill at Elford, four miles from Tamworth, which he conducted to the time of his death.

Some men's capacity opens at a late day, and some wither soon after the meridian of life, but Robert Bage's opened and shut with his existence. His enlivening sun shone with vigour during a long period of years. His talents, humanity, honour, and generosity, appeared, through the whole of his life, conspicuous to all who knew him. I could bring numberless incidents to establish every trait of his character: but as this would lead me into too wide a field, I shall confine myself to one or two proofs to each assertion. The *powers of his mind* were amazingly strong; these, in the early part of his life have already been noted. During my acquaintance with him he learnt music, and the French and Italian languages, without a master. Being inclined, in 1760, to learn the abstruse branches of mathematics, he applied to Thomas Hanson, a celebrated teacher, and spent a night in Birmingham once a week for instruction. As I was intimate with both, I sometimes attended, and before the scholar had been a month, I could easily perceive, though no adept myself, he was able to teach his master, nay, even set him fast. Perhaps part of this victory might arise from the easy fluency with which Mr. Bage delivered himself, while the master of figures was better formed for thinking than speaking.

His humanity will appear from his treatment of his servants, and even his horses, who all loved him, and whom he kept to old age.

Trade, which is thought to corrupt the mind, made no such impression upon his. His dealings were stamped with rectitude; he remarked to me, "Fraud is beneath a man." He had no other love for money than to use it, or he might have left a much larger property than he did. In February, 1756, he asked me to spend the evening with him. He proposed a connection (not a partnership) which I accepted, and which continued, with small variations, according to the mutations of time, till the day of his death. From that date, perhaps, I have paid him 500l. a year, upon the average, and always with *pleasure*, which proves the simple point, *I was treated with honour*. During this long course of forty-five years he never gave me one cause of complaint. His *honour*, and peaceable temper, will farther appear from a remark he made while we travelled in a chaise from Wolsey-bridge to Tamworth, in October 1795—he had then been in partnership with a person in another concern near fifteen years—"that they never had one word of difference since they met."

His generous cast of mind will appear from two, among many, incidents. I accidentally remarked that, "I had seen a distant relation of his, who was out of employment."—"Give him, (says he) upon my account (though he did not know him) five shillings a week till he gets into work." When the rioters, in 1791, had cruelly destroyed my property to a large amount, and obliged me, with my family, to run away without a shilling, and none durst take us in, we drove, among other places, to the castle at Tamworth. I asked the people of the inn if they knew me? "No."—"I have no money to pay my way, or property to pledge." Their looks fell. "I am known to Mr. Bage, of Elford, whom I will request to pay my bill." Their looks and my credit rose together. He cheerfully paid it, blamed me for not coming to his house, and I could never prevail upon him to accept a return.

With all these rich *talents* and rare endowments he was mild in the extreme; an enemy to no man, and, I believe, never had one himself.

His reason for becoming an author was singular, and such as would have driven another out of authorship. I shall state the cause, and deliver the result as given me by himself in the chaise above-mentioned. About the year 1765 he was induced to enter into partnership with three gentlemen in a wholesale iron-manufactory. The pursuit continued about fourteen years, then dissolved, when it appeared he had lost a sum, which I have now forgotten, perhaps 1500l. Fearing the distress of mind would overcome him, he took up the pen to turn the stream of sorrow into that of amusement; a scheme worthy a philosopher. His first production was *Mount Henneth*, in 1781, which he sold for 30l. His succeeding works followed nearly upon the same terms. The public are in possession of his writings, and have given him an ample return of praise. Excellent as they are, yet, in my opinion, his private letters, of which I must have received more than a thousand, surpass them. They are replete with vivacity, witty turns, and fine humour, spontaniously springing, without effort, from the heart.

A sketch of this amiable man may be seen in *Hutton's History of Derby*, 1791, where he possesses a niche among the worthies of that place. I shall transcribe the passage.

"If we find a pleasure in drawing a valuable character which has *left* the stage, that pleasure must be double when we treat of those who still adorn it; because we revere both the *character* and the *man*. This, in the present case, is my pleasing task. The man I now delineate is a native of Derby, but left it at an early period. He amuses the world and himself with novel productions of a superior class, as Mount Henneth, Barham Downs, The Fair Syrian, James Wallace, &c. wherein is an excellent picture of life, a full display of character and sentiment. These have travelled to the continent, passed through the Frankfort-press, and appeared to the world in a German habit.

"Although fortune never made him conspicuous in the great world, she gave him what was preferable, affluence and content. In directing a paper-mill may be found that head which is able to direct empires; that judgment, which can decide in difficult cases; a penetration, which can fathom the human heart, and comprehend various systems of knowledge; a genius, which constitutes the companion for Newton in philosophy, for Handel in music, for Euclid in mathematics; a master of the living and dead languages, and all, like the wealth of a merchant who rises from nothing, acquired by himself. Nay, I should even rank him with that learned body, the physicians, if he were not defective in the art of killing.—That rectitude, which is rarely found, is here obscured from the public eye, but is a pearl of great price, and a credit to our species. Though a diminutive figure, yet one of the most amiable of men; and though barely a Christian, yet one of the best. I have known him fifty-six years; his friendship is an honour; I have long possessed it; to which I shall add another, by writing his name with my own. Should he frown at this liberty, I will take twice as much: should he retort, I will take my revenge by drawing a complete character; for he has amply furnished me with materials."

This worthy man afterwards charged me with too strong a colouring. I told him in reply, I was not used to heap praise upon any man wholesale, therefore took every expression to pieces, and shewed him the firm foundation on which I built. He seemed satisfied, and returned a smile.

Four or five months prior to his death, he paid me a visit. I was secretly alarmed to observe his countenance changed, his constitution breaking, as if threatening a dissolution. When we parted, I took what I thought an everlasting farewell. As he went out of the house, he shook hands with my nephew (a boy of thirteen), and said, with a smile, "Farewel, my dear lad, we shall meet again in heaven!" Though spoken in the jocular stile, it seemed to indicate a sensibility of his approaching end.

Still declining, and attended with feverish symptoms, but sensible to the last, he left the world September 1, 1801, after a life of seventy-three years, six months, and one day.

His person was of a smallish size, about five feet three inches, and of a spare habit, not robust, but his constitution good. He left an amiable widow to lament his loss, by whom he had three sons; one of them died a young man, an affliction he severely felt, the others are in genteel situations, and inherit a large portion of their father's talents.

WILLIAM HUTTON.

Birmingham, Dec. 5, 1801.

ORIGINAL CRITICISM.

[*From the Monthly Anthology.*]

The Constitutionalist: addressed to men of all parties in the United States. By an American.

"Towards the preservation of your government and the permanency of your present happy state, is requisite: not only that you discountenance irregular opposition to its acknowledged authority; but also—that you resist, with care, the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretext."
WASHINGTON.

Philadelphia: Maxwell, 1804.

The object of this little pamphlet is to expose some of the wild, political heresies of the present day. It is addressed to "men of all parties," but it is more particularly designed for the meridian of Pennsylvania, where the whirlwinds of democracy rage without controul, and threaten to sweep away in their course every vestige of the republican principle. The author endeavours to elucidate and establish, in this work, the truth of the following position:—that the judicial department of government, in this country, possesses the legitimate power of declaring null and unoperative any act of the legislature, which is contrary to the constitution. He supports this doctrine by the authority of judge Tucker, of Virginia, in his learned and elaborate notes on the commentaries of Sir William Blackstone; by the opinion of Mr. Patterson, one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, expressed in his charge to the jury in the case of Dorrance, lessee against Sanborn; by an appeal to the history of other nations; and by strong and animated reasoning.

In the course of this work, the author mentions a curious experiment, which is worthy the attention of politicians. By the first constitution of Pennsylvania, a tribunal, denominated *the council of errors*, was created for the sole purpose of preserving the constitution. It was the duty of this to inquire, "whether the constitution had been preserved inviolate, and whether the executive and legislative branches had performed their duty, as guardians of the people, or exercised other or greater powers than those, with which they had been constitutionally invested." This tribunal accordingly undertook, at various times, to specify cases, in which they judged, that the constitution had been violated. Many of the alleged infringements were perpetrated by legislative acts. But this censorial tribune did not answer the purposes of its institution. A temporary dependant body, chosen immediately by the people, with the right to complain, but without the power to reform public abuses; it was regarded with contempt in proportion to its weakness. This experiment demonstrated to the framers of the present constitution of Pennsylvania, the wisdom and necessity of vesting the power of judging laws as well as offenders, in men, permanent by the tenure of office, and independent of the other branches of government.

The Roman censor could degrade from the patrician rank any member, whose conduct merited expulsion. In like manner, there ought, in every state, to be a supreme judicial power, co-ordinate with the other departments of government, invested with authority to blot from the judicial code every unconstitutional act. The author of this pamphlet, shews the necessity of such a power by the opinions of political writers, and by the experience of history. Wherever the legislature arrogates to itself the power to judge and determine in judicial matters, liberty cannot exist. The correctness of this principle, as applicable to our own country, may be shewn by an example. Suppose that the legislature of any one of the states should enact a law, which should impair the obligation of contracts. This would directly infringe a principle of the Federal Constitution, which is of superior obligation; and therefore it would require in the state a power, independent of the legislature, to declare such law null.

As this pamphlet is very short, we make no extracts, but refer our readers to the original. The author writes with the facility of one, accustomed to composition. His style is plain, and derives no aid from rhetorical graces. A spirit of candor pervades the work. The political opinions are stated with an independence, which is worthy of praise; to advocate the independence of the judiciary is a most unpopular task in these democratic days. The author* was formerly, we are told, a disciple of the dominant party in Pennsylvania. But disgusted with the excesses of his party, he has ceased to minister to its rage. Many honest minds have been perplexed with a similar thraldom: but few have had the courage to throw off the yoke; fewer still to vindicate their independence with dignity and success.

R.

—

Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for promoting useful Knowledge. Vol. V. Philadelphia. Dobson. 1802.

This volume, one of the very few that ever issue from the American press, will not, we apprehend repay the labour of him who may be induced to wade though it. It contains a few insulated facts of little inportance, and some very unsuccessful attempts at theory. The six first papers are communicated by Dr. Priestley, and are distinguished, if possible, by a more eminent want of scientific precision, then even his periodical volumes of chemical experiments. They are apparently the scourings of his old diaries, eked out with some desultory and inconsistent remarks; a few notices of the present state of his ever-varying opinions; and several attacks, very temperate indeed, but proportionably feeble, upon those discoveries, which his total want of genius for philosophizing has obliged him to leave to men who did little more, in the way of practice, then repeat his experiments. Upon these six articles we shall content ourselves with offering a few very general criticisms.

In the first place, the experiments, where they are at all uncommon, have evidently been made with impure substances. We should exceed all bounds, were we to quote examples of results, which are obviously owing to the presence of extraneous matters, although they are ascribed by Dr. Priestley to the exhibition of certain simple and homogeneous substances. All his assertions, in those cases, should evidently have been made with respect to the impurities, not the bodies, which he pretended to use. Secondly, The language of these tracts is full of discordant theory. It is indeed a most uncouth and motley assemblage of terms, taken both from the old and new nomenclature. Lastly, We must be excused for suspecting very great inaccuracy in some of the facts; or, at least, in the conduct of the experiments which are related. This may, in some of these instances, be accounted for, partly by the first, and partly by the second remark, which we have just made. But the statement in ρ. 3. that caustic fixed alkali was sent in a state of vapour through a tube containing iron, and gave an *acidulous* liquor in the receiver, is to us utterly incredible, and inexplicable, upon any supposition, but that of the grossest inaccuracy, either in making or describing the experiment. It is scarcely necessary to add, that these papers defy all attempts to analyse them, even if there were any inducement to undertake the task. The same remark may be applied to the greater number of the articles contained in this volume. We shall therefore only notice the few exceptions to this observation, which we have been fortunate enough to meet with; and at present we shall begin with what we consider as the most interesting communication that the present publication has to boast of—the short and distinct statement, given by Mr. Strickland, of the uses to which the thermometer may be applied in Navigation.

This very valuable communication consists of two well kept and consise journals, with a letter, sketching the inference that may be drawn from the observations, and a chart of the Atlantic, on which the voyages that gave rise to the observations themselves, are clearly traced. Mr. Strickland performed these two voyages across the Atlantic, in the years 1794 and 1795. The first object of his experiments was, to ascertain the existence of a current, which he suspected to flow as a branch of the gulf stream, in a northerly or north easterly direction. The observations recorded in the outward-bound journal appear fully to verify this conjecture, and they prove also the regularity with which the temperature of the sea varies, according to the proximity of soundings. We shall enable our readers to judge for themselves upon these points, by giving a summary of the most important and conclusive trials.

The temperature of the water near the Lewes island was about 56 degrees of Fahrenheit. From thence to the longitude of 11 degrees 15′ west, it gradually increased; and for eleven days, during which the vessel passed through nineteen degrees of longitude, the temperature remained at 58 degrees, which is supposed by our author to be the ordinary heat of the Atlantic, above the latitude of 50 degrees in autumn. In longitude 30 dedrees 43′ west, the temperature suddenly rose 30 degrees, and continued to rise while the vessel passed through eight degrees of longitude, when the temperature had increased no less than 10 degrees. Again, the temperature fell in longitude 41 degrees west, and continued fluctuating between 64 and 62 of Fahrenheit. But when the vessel had made a little farther progress, the temperature rose to a still higher degree than before; and after remaining for some time at 72 degrees, it again fell, and continued falling, until, in longitude 48 degrees, the thermometer stood at 52 degrees, and the vessel was found to be on the great bank east of Newfoundland.

The subsequent observations, both in the outward and home-ward bound voyages, concur to shew that at the longitudes above-mentioned, the temperature of the sea rises and falls in the manner now described; and that on the approach of the vessel to soundings, it uniformly falls. There is a difference of no less then 20 degrees of Fahrenheit, between the temperature near the great bank, and the temperature on the edge of the gulf stream.

It appears, farther, that in that part of the vessel's course where the great rise was experienced, vast quantities of gulf weed were observed floating, and great shoals of flying fish. This circumstance greatly strengthens the first conclusion which the thermometrical observations so plainly suggest, viz. that so high as latitude 50 degrees north, a branch of the gulf stream is to be found, sent off in a northerly direction from the main body, which moves in an easterly course. But in the middle of this stream it would appear that there is some interruption; for the temperature suddenly falls, continues low for a considerable breadth, and then rises to

* William Barton, Esq.

its former height. The journal, too, makes no mention of any gulf-weed or flying fishes in this part of the course. Our author accounts for this very singular intermission of the northern branch, by supposing some colder current to flow in from the north-west. But we cannot easily conceive such a phænomenon; and are inclined to suspect Mr. Strickland of considerable inaccuracy in his ideas upon this matter. How can a stream of water be interrupted by a cross stream, or cut by such a stream at any angle? If two currents meet in an oblique angle, part of the water will be thrown back, and part, will move off in a diagonal path. But surely the continuity of one stream can never be interrupted by a new stream and then resume its former course. We can imagine the gulf stream to be divided by one flowing from the same quarter, in the very same direction: But why should this middle stream be colder then the other?—It is, on the other hand scarcely possible to figure two streams meeting in the same line, without forming an indissoluble union. Yet some phænomenon of this nature appears to be indicated by the observations, if the thermometrical experiments of our author can be relied on. Or, perhaps, a large bank, or island, divides the gulf-stream into two, protecting a large portion of the ocean in the middle of those currents. Such a supposition, indeed, appears to us the most probable of any which can be made, to account for the observations,

Before leaving Mr. Strickland's very interesting paper, we must gratify our readers with relating a fact equally honourable to both of the parties concerned in it. Mr. Strickland conceived, that the thermometer might be applied to the important purposes of indicating the approach of land, and settling the courses of the great currents. For accomplishing the latter object, he proposed the equipment of a vessel, which may be devoted to the employment of making various runs across the Atlantic, at different latitudes, with persons qualified to conduct thermometrical experiments, in the manner pointed out by the present paper. But he communicated the other part of his plan to the captain of the vessel in which he sailed; and although this gentleman very naturally entertained, at first, the strongest prepossession against all such ideas, he was soon prevailed upon, by examining the results of Mr. Strickland's observations, to give them no small degree of confidence.

'He was at last, 'so much pleased with the accuracy of the thermometer, and with the security in which he had sailed in consequence of it, and so clearly perceived the advantage to be derived from it in many instances, that he declared, he would never more go to sea without one.' p. 92. 93.

This circumstance reflects great honour upon Captain Allyn, a member of that profession, which of all other, tends most to form habits of bigotry and indiscriminate prejudice against every innovation. But, at least equal praise is due to Mr. Strickland, who could succeed in convincing an old seaman, that the chart and the compass are in some cases less faithful guides than the thermometer.

The nineteenth article, appears, to us, deserving of some attention. It contains a very brief statement of a most singular fact, a fact which, if well authenticated, opens a new and curious analogy between the habitudes of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Colonel Bull, of Virginia, a gentleman, we are told, of information and veracity, relates, that in digging through a rich bottom of low ground, well covered with oak and other trees, his workman discovered, at the depth of between five and six feet, a blossom, not in full bloom, of a lilac colour, growing from a root. This proved, upon examination, to be the same kind of blue flower that grew on the surface. But the Colonel thinks, that it must have been all along under ground, as the soil was a loamy, solid clay, in which large trees flourished, and must have taken some centuries to form. If this unexpected phænemenon, should prove to have been accurately observed, we shall possess, a case of vegetable torpor, similar to the case of animals supporting their existence in the heart of blocks and trees. Mr. Bull's account is, however, extremely meagre and unsatisfactory.

The want of refinement in the arts and in *belles lettres*, is by no means the only circumstance that distinguishes our kinsmen in North America, from the inhabitants of the eastern hemisphere. They appear to be proportionally deficient in scientific attainments. The volume now before us, contains the whole accumulation of American discovery and observation, during a course of peaceful years. It extends to 328 pages; of which 89 (including the valuable paper of our countryman Mr. Strickland) are contributed by foreigners; 150 consist of journals kept by a person sent to make meteorological and astronomical observations, that is, notes of the weather, and of the geographical position of certain places in the territory of the United States; the remaining 89 pages, upon more general subjects, are, we believe, the work of Americans; and we will venture to say, that of all the academical trifles, which have ever been given to the world, these 89 pages are the most trivial and dull. Our readers will judge with what difficulty this mite has been collected, when we mention the subjects of several communications.

One article, is a demonstration of the figure of the earth, in answer to the hypothesis of St. Pierre. Our readers will doubtless feel some indignation, at finding that a public scientific Body admits into its Transactions, any communication which can, for a moment, rescue the ridiculous effusions of the sentimentalist, now alluded to, from the contempt with which they were universally received all over Europe, by every man of the slightest pretentions to science.

Another paper, contains the description of some person's pattent for improved fire places. It is exactly an ill-written newspaper advertisement. Two papers are inserted upon the culture and cure of peach trees; and, in order to eke out the natural deficiency of matter, an essay on Vegetables, Polypi, and Insects, by M. de Nemours, is admitted to occupy thirteen pages. After looking at the following extracts from this nauseous thing our readers will probably agree, with us in thinking, that no daily print, on this side of the Atlantic, would have inserted it, in the vacant space of a column, during the greatest scarcity of news. The following is the introduction:

'Il est très facile et peut-être assez naturel, à un animal aussi ravageux que l'homme, de traiter avec peu de considération les plantes qui se laissent dévorer si paisiblement.

'Cependant je ne voudrais pas avoir offensé les Roses.

'Personne n'est plus dispose que moi à croire, avec les anciens, que tout arbre est pazyle, ou la prison, d'une nymphe.' p. 104.

The following is the conclusion of this paper:

'Cet oxigêne dont les fleurs sont siavides, et dont elles se pénétrent si rapidement, en si énorme quantité pour leur petit volume, est *l'air vital* par excellence. Il les embrase, elles aiment elles jouissent—sont-ce les amours de la plante qu'elles font? sont-ce les leurs? ce sont tous les deux. La mère ne peut être entirement insensible au bonheur de ses enfans, d'enfans qui font partie de son propre corps.—La plente est devenue papillon; ou pour mieux dire elle s'est couverte d'une foule de *papillons-plantes* de l'un et de l'autre sexe, qu'elle a tirés de son sein, et qui semblables presqu'en tout aux autres papillons, ont une vie très courte, la dèpensent en voluppès sans songe à l'entretenir, exhalent leur tendresse en parfume s'occupent avec délices et sans relache de la génération; et se fanent des qu'elle est consommée laissant...au fonds d'un *ovaire*.....des *œufs*....fécondés et féconds.

'Trouvez vous la parité suffisamment exacte? jugez vous encore qûe la distance soit incommensurable entre la nymphe:ou les nymphes d'une *mimeuse* et l'ame d'un ciron.

'Je ne decide rien. Je ne suis qu'un enfant curieux. Je vous apporte les fleurs que j'ai cueillies, et les papillons que j'ai pu attrapper. Savans professeurs, dites moi ce que c'est?' p. 115. 116.

Some of the American philosophers themselves seem to have adopted the language of the ludicrously sentimental class to which the author of this singular paper belongs, and to have thought it a good substitute for the eloquence and power of fine writing which Providence has denied to their race. In p. 55, a naturalist discussing the causes of the poisonous qualities observed in some honeys, alludes to a species of *erica*, (we believe the *erica vulgaris*), by the name of '*blooming heather*;' and quotes *Burns*, in a foot note, as his authority. He afterwards talks of the bees 'quaffing of the nectar of the flowers:' p. 57. He discribes certain savannas, as 'finely painted with the flowers of the *kalmia angustifolia*:' p. 59. Instead of *tame* bees, he is pleased to say '*cultivated bees*' p. 65. This author (Dr. Smith Barton) is a great quoter; and by the manner in which he cites, but more especially by his remarks upon classical learning, we are inclined to suspect, that a man who reads the easier Latin poets may not be met with every day in North America.

'The ancients, who, in some repects at least, 'were equal to the moderns, appear to have paid much attention to this subject. Virgil and Columella have both told us what plants ought to grow about apiaries. It is unnecessary to repeat, in this place, what the two Roman writers have said on the subject. The *Georgics* of the Mantuan poet are in the hands of every man of taste: and the work of Columella *should* be read, wherever agriculture engages the attention of gentlemen.' p. 69,

We cannot resist the temptation of transcribing the following passage from the same paper. The moralizing part of it is truly American; and the epithet applied to Virgil's description of Galatea, is one of the most amusing that we have ever heard beyond the sound of Bow-Bell. It is only necessary to add, for the information of the American academics, that the quotation is nothing at all to the purpose, as there is no allusion to *honey* from the beginning to the end of it.

'To assist, and to direct the labours of these little insects, the knowledge and the hand of man are required. Let, then, this interested being be at least attentive to his own benefits and pleasures. Let him carefully remove from about the habitations of his bees every fetid or poisonous vegetable, however comely its colour or its form. In particular, let him be careful to remove those vegetables which are noxious to himself. In place of these, let him spread the 'marjoram, and thyme, and other plants, 'the love of bees,' and his labours will be rewarded. He may, then furnish his table with a honey not inferior to that of Mount Hermettus, or Athens: nor to that of Sicily, to which Virgil has so *handsomely* alluded in the seventh Eclogue:

Nerine Galatea, thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ,
Candidior cygnis, hederâ formosior albâ.

L. 37, 38.' p. 69. 70.

Meanly as our readers may be disposed to think of the American scientific circles, they appear to be highly prized by their own members. The Society, whose labours we have been describing, attaches to itself the name of 'Philosophical,' with peculiar eagerness; and the meeting-house, where the transactions of its members are scraped together and prepared for being inaccurately printed, is, in the genuine dialect of tradesmen, denominated '*Philosophical Hall.*'

We have dwelt longer upon this article than its merits justify; not so much for the sake of the work, as for the purpose of stating and exemplifying a most curious and unaccountable fact—the scarcity of all but mercantile and agricultural talents in the New World.

[*Edingburgh Review*]

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SKETCH OF BUONAPARTE.

[From a late traveller.]

After having waited nearly two hours, the band playing the Marseilles Hymn, the colours preceding him, the signal was given, of the first consul's approach. Attended by his suit of general officers, he first paraded round the ranks of the infantry, who were inclosed within the rails. Then proceeding through the great central gates, where I had posted myself, so as to command almost the whole of the review, a petition was presented to him, which he returned, with mildly observing, that he should not receive any on that day. A man of diminutive stature, with a sallow, bony face, with a meditating eye, there was nothing particularly extraordinary in his countenance, and his appearance was mean. He had a pensive air, seemingly oppressed with thought, and the cares of government, and was pale, as though he dreaded assassination. He was dressed even shabbily plain, having on, with a plain cocked hat, a plain blue coat, a white waistcoat, leather breeches, and turndown boots, as well as I observed; though I was too much occupied in studying the head, to regard the details. He was mounted on a cream-coloured horse. The day that I saw Buonaparte at St. Cloud, he appeared cheerful, lively and active; but this day he looked rather gloomy. This gloom about him, perhaps, arises from too great an exertion of the mental faculties. I do not know whether it arose from the influence of his melancholy, but the whole scene was rather a dull one. It was nothing to be compared to the review of the guards by the Prince of Wales, in Hyde Park. He marched along with doubtful steps, while his seemingly exhausted soul dreaded a disaster, and trembled at the elevated situation in which he found himself placed. His situation appeared far from enviable, and I could not help thinking it quite strange and unnatural.

Non equidem invideo, miror magis.

VIRG.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SKETCH OF ABRAHAM TUCKER, ESQUIRE.

[For our own sake, as well as from a hope, that it may interest the most *venerable* of our friends, we have turned over many pages of biography, to discover some sketch of the author of "The Light of Nature Pursued," one of the most original books to be found in the English language, or perhaps in any language. Our researches, though long and frequent, have afforded but very imperfect information. The following is all, which, at present, can be found respecting a man of wonderful genius, who united the jarring powers of Reason and Fancy, in a manner as beautiful as it is rare.]

Abraham Tucker, Esquire, a curious and original thinker, was a gentleman of affluent fortune, and author of "The Light of Nature Pursued," 9 vols. octavo, of which the five first volumes were published by himself in 1768, under the assumed name of 'Edward Search, Esquire,' and the four last after his death, in 1777, as "The Posthumous Work of Abraham Tucker, Esq. published from his manuscript, as intended for the press by the author." Mr. Tucker lived at Betchworth castle, near Dorking, in Surrey, an estate which he purchased in the early part of his life. He married the daughter of Edward Barker, Esquire, by whom he had two daughters, one of whom married Sir Henry St. John, and died in his lifetime; the other survived, and now lives at Betchworth castle. He lost his eyesight a few years before his death, which happened in 1775. To describe him as a neighbour, landlord, father, and magistrate it would be necessary to mention the most amiable qualities in each. It is unnecessary to add, that he was very sincerely regretted by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and who stood connected with him in any of those relations.

ON THE PECULIAR HAPPINESS SUPPOSED TO ATTEND A LIFE OF CONTEMPLATION

[From a British Essayist]

"I no sooner enter my library," says Heinsius, "than I bolt the door, and shut out lust, ambition, and avarice, whose mother is idleness, and whose nurse, ignorance; and taking my seat among the illustrious spirits around me, I look down with pity on the rich and great, who are strangers to such refined and exalted enjoyments."

If a life of study can produce happiness so pure as Heinsius has described; if it can exclude lust, ambition, and avarice; if it can give an elevation above the rich and great; who would not fly from the world and seize that CHIEF GOOD, in the recess of his library, which he has vainly toiled for in the road of ambition and avarice?

But no recess is sufficiently retired, no occupation sufficiently pure, to exclude care and contamination. Man bears within his bosom, wheresoever he conceals himself, and whatsoever he does, the seeds of evil and misery.

Philosophers may describe the happiness of contemplative life, and students flatter themselves that they are out of the reach of corruption; but does experience justify a persuasion that philosophers and students are happier and more innocent than all others? A perusal of their lives will evince the truth, that it is not in man to secure himself from the assaults of passion, and the corruption of vice, by withdrawing his person from the society of the multitude. Volumes have been written on the peculiar misery of the learned, and I wish it could be asserted with truth, that on shutting the doors of their book rooms, they at the same time shut out desire, avarice, and ambition.

Men of that activity of mind which ranges through all nature and art, see more clearly, and feel more sensibly, than the common tribe whose attention is fixed on the passing scene. All the objects of desire, avarice, and ambition, exhibit themselves to their eyes, in the most glowing colours and in the most engaging forms. Their taste, cultivated and refined by continual exercise of its powers, is enabled to discover charms which escape vulgar notice. Their leisure and freedom from the ordinary cares of life, cause their hearts to fix on what their imaginations have admired. It cannot be wondered at, therefore, if contemplative men, instead of being exempt from the tumults which disturb others, have felt themselves agitated by external things with peculiar force. Their enjoyments have been high, their sufferings keen, and their failings singularly deplorable.

I fear, therefore, that truth must resign those pretensions to that unmolested felicity, which students have sometimes claimed, as the privilege of their learned solitude. In common with all the sons of men they partake of misery; and they are under some peculiar circumstances, which aggravate the woe which it is their destiny to share.

To secure the happiness that is allowed to man, they must, like others, have recourse to virtue and wisdom, not merely to retreat, or to contemplation. With virtue and wisdom, I believe, their employments will be found highly conducive to a most exalted state of sublunary felicity; for their employments are pure and refined, intellectual and even heavenly, compared with the gross delights of animal sense. He who places his happiness in gluttony and debauchery, must acknowledge, while he boasts of his pleasure, that he is renouncing the most honourable part of his nature, his reason; and that he is assimilating himself; as much as he is able, with the brutes whom he proudly disdains.

I cannot help thinking, that the platonic philosophy, mixed, as it is, with much folly, deserves more regard than it usually receives. It tends to make man value himself on his MIND. It teaches to seek enjoyment in the exertions of the discursive faculty, and to aspire at an intellectual excellence, which, though it may never reach, invites by its beautiful appearance, to heights of improvements which it would never otherwise have attained. Platonism, when carrried to extremes, like all other doctrines, terminates in nonsense; but under the regulation of reason, it leads the mind to a state of celestial enjoyment and angelic perfection.

Happy would it have been for the contemplative part of mankind, if the honours which are almost universally allowed to Epicurus, had been reserved for Plato. Christian and rational Platonism leads to the perfection of the human soul: nor should the scrupulons be ashamed of uniting with Christianity, a philosophy, which, when its extremes are avoided, is all pure, all spiritual, all divine in its nature and tendency.

If the superior light of Christianity had not irradiated the world, there is no philosophy which the aspirant after excellence would wish to prevail in preference to Platonism, divested of its visionary eccentricities. No philosophy contributes so much to raise man to the exaltation which he may conceive to adorn a spiritual nature. No philosophy exalts him so much above the body, and furnishes him with ideas so congenial to all that we consider as celestial.

But common sense, and common experience, affirm, after all, that whoever attempts to reach undisturbed happiness by flights of contemplation above the usual ken of mortals, commonly finds himself precipitated at last, like Icarus in the fable.

Superior degrees of happiness are not to be expected solely from a skill in arts and sciences from study, and from retirement; but Chiefly from those virtues, and good qualities, in which even the illiterate find it, from prudence, temperance, justice, fortitude, and contentment. The boast of felicity without these is but the rant of pride, and the rhapsody of inexperienced speculation.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

ODES FROM ANACREON.

The two following odes, which, as Mr. Moore remarks, may be called *companion-pictures*, have perhaps never been excelled in their kind, in any language. At the same time that we are charmed with the fire and fancy of the poet, and the melody of his numbers, we are gratified with an insight into the taste of the ancients in beauty.

Thou, whose soft and rosy hues
Mimick form, and soul infuse;
Best of painters! come, portray
The lovely maid, that's far away;
Far away, my soul! thou art,
But I've thy beauties all by heart.
Paint her jetty ringlets straying,
Silky twine in tendrils playing;
And, if painting hath the skill,
To make the spicy balm distil,
Let every little lock exhale
A sigh of perfume on the gale.
Where her tresses' curly flow
Darkles o'er the brow of snow,
Let her forehead beam to light,
Burnish'd as the ivory bright.
Let her eyebrows sweetly rise
In jetty arches o'er her eyes,
Gently in a crescent gliding,
Just commingling, just dividing.
But hast thou any sparkles warm,
The lightning of her eyes to form?
Let them effuse the azure ray,
With which Minerva's glances play,

And give them all that liquid fire
That Venus' languid eyes respire.
O'er her nose and cheeks be shed
Flushing white and mellow'd red;
Gradual tints, as when there glows
In snowy milk the bashful rose.
Then her lip, so rich in blisses!
Sweet petitioner for kisses!
Pouting nest of bland persuasion,
Ripely suing love's invasion
Then beneath the velvet chin,
Whose dimple shades a love within,
Mould her neck, with grace descending,
In a heaven of beauty ending;
While airy charms above, below,
Sport and flutter on its snow.
Now let a floating, lucid veil
Shadow her limbs, but not conceal;
A charm may peep, a hue may beam,
And leave the rest to Fancy's dream.
Enough—'tis she! 'tis all I seek:
It glows, it lives, it soon will speak!

—

And now, with all thy pencil's truth,
Portray Bathyllus, lovely youth!
Let his hair, in lapses bright,
Fall like streaming rays of light;
And there the raven's dye confuse
With the yellow sunbeam's hues.
Let not the braid, with artful twine,
The flowing of his locks confine;
But loosen every golden ring,
To float upon the breeze's wing.
Beneath the front of polish'd glow,
Front as fair as mountain snow,
And guileless as the dews of dawn,
Let the majestic brows be drawn,
Of ebon dies enrich'd by gold,
Such as the scaly snakes unfold,
Mingle in his jetty glances,
Power that awes, and love that trances;
Steal from Venus bland desire,
Steal from Mars the look of fire,
Blend them in such expression here,
That we by turns may hope and fear!
Now from the sunny apple seek
The velvet down that spreads his cheek;
And there let beauty's rosy ray
In flying blushes richly play;
Blushes of that celestial flame,
Which lights the cheek of virgin shame.
Then for his lips that ripely gem—
But let thy mind imagine them!
Paint, where the ruby cell uncloses
Persuasion, sleeping upon roses;
And give his lip that speaking air,
As if a word was hovering there;
His neck of ivory splendor trace,
Moulded with soft, but manly grace;
Fair as the neck of Paphia's boy,
Where Paphia's arms have hung in joy.
Give him the winged Hermes' hand,
With which he waves his snaky wand;
Let Bacchus then the breast supply,
And Leda's son the sinewy thigh.
But oh! suffuse his limbs of fire
With all that glow of young desire,
Which kindles, when the wishful sigh
Steals from the heart, unconscious why.
Thy pencil, though divinely bright,
Is envious of the eye's delight,
Or its enamour'd touch would shew
His shoulder, fair as sunless snow,
Which now in veiling shadow lies,
Remov'd from all but Fancy's eyes.
Now, for his feet—but hold—forbear—†
I see a godlike portrait there;
So like Bathyllus!—sure there's none
So like Bathyllus, but the sun!
Oh! let this pictur'd god be mine,
And keep the boy from Samos's shrine!

Phœbus shall then Bathyllus be,
Bathyllus then the deity.

—

THE EMBARRASSMENTS OF FALSE SHAME.

A London taylor, as 'tis said,
By buckram, canvas, tape and thread,
Sleeve, linings, pockets, silk, and twist,
And the long expensive list,
With which their uncouth bills abound,
Though rarely in the garment found;
By these and other arts in trade,
Had soon a pretty fortune made;
And did what few had ever done,
Left thirty thousand to his son.

The son, a gay young swagg'ring blade,
Abhorr'd the very name of trade,
And lest reflections should be thrown
On him, resolv'd to quit the town,
And travel where he was not known.
In gilded coach, and liv'ries gay;
To Oxford first he took his way;
There beaux and belles his taste admire,
His equipage and rich attire;
But nothing was so much ador'd,
As his fine silver-hilted sword;
Though short and small, 'twas vastly neat,
The sight was deem'd a perfect treat.
Beau Banter begg'd to have a look,
But when the sword in hand he took,
He swore by Gad it was an odd thing,
And look'd much like a taylor's bodkin.
His pride was hurt by this expression,
Thinking they knew his sire's profession.
Sheathing his sword, he sneak'd away,
And drove for Glo'ster that same day,
There soon he found new cause for grief;
For, dining on some fine roast beef,
One ask'd him which he did prefer,
Some cabbage or a cucumber?
The purse-proud coxcomb took the hint,
Thought it severe reflection meant;
His stomach turn'd, he could not eat,
And so made an ungenteel retreat;
Next day left Gloster in a wrath,
And bade his coachman drive to Bath.
There he suspected fresh abuse,
Because the dinner was roast goose:
And that he might no more be jeer'd,
Next day to Exeter he steer'd,
There with some bucks he drank about,
Until he fear'd they found him out:
His glass not fill'd, as was the rule,
They said 'twas not a thimble full:
The name of thimble was enough—
He paid his reckoning, and went off.
He then to Plymouth took a trip,
And put up at the Royal Ship,
Which then was kept by Caleb Snip.
"Snip!" "Snip!" the host was often call'd,
At which his guest was so much gall'd,
That soon to Cambridge he remov'd,
There too he unsuccessful prov'd:
For though he fill'd his glass or cup,
He did not always drink it up.
The scholars mark'd how he behav'd,
And said a remnant sha'nt be sav'd;
The name of remnant gall'd him so,
That he resolv'd to York to go:
There fill'd his bumper to the top,
And always fairly drank it up:
"Well done," says Jack, a buck of York,
"You go through stitch, sir, with your work."
The name of stitch was such reproach,
He rang the bell, and call'd his coach.
But ere he went, inquiries made,
By what strange means they knew his trade.

"You put the cap on, and it fits."
Replied one of the Yorkshire wits:
"Our words in common acceptation,
Could not find out your occupation;
'Twas you yourself gave us the clue,
To find out both your trade and you.
Vain coxcombs and fantastic beaux,
In every place themselves expose,
They travel far at vast expense,
To shew their wealth and want of sense;
But take this for a standing rule,
There's no disguise can screen a fool."

—

SINGULAR ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. George Martin, an American, having, by a sedulous attention to his profession, acquired a knowledge in boot and shoe making, proposes on Wednesday, September 5th, at Mr. Ellis's tavern, to exhibit to the inspection of the public, a BOOT of his own workmanship, which has four feet, one leg, one heel, with a bell in the centre, made on a wooden last, without any apparent sign how or where the last and tree were taken out. He will also exhibit a SHOE, without any seam or opening, which will puzzle the most penetrating eye to discover the aperture out of which the last was taken. He will also exhibit a specimen of his common wearing work, which is far superior to any imported. All the above have been examined by several gentlemen in Boston and its vicinity, before the tree and last were taken therefrom, and acknowledged it to have been the greatest curiosity of the kind they had ever seen; no alterations have since been made. The public may be assured there is no paste, glue, or cement of any kind used.

He will also perform on the SLACK ROPE, various evolutions; displaying feats of activity in a workman-like manner: viz. he will work on a turn pump in seven different positions. Mr. Martin does not wish to be considered a rope-dancer or a tumbler—his only aim is to procure a small pittance to enable him to set up his business, and furnish to his fellow-citizens the neatest boots and shoes that can be made. [*Eastern paper.*

—

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The article from the Edinburgh Review, deriding the '*Philosophical Hall*' of Philadelphia, is a proof of the unexampled severity, with which either old offenders, or youthful trespassers are castigated in that Journal. But it would be invidious to suppose that the 'satiric thong' is brandished over the *Americans* alone; for the wounded vanity of many a *British* sufferer still tingles with the smart of the scourge. While we do homage to the genius, wit, and erudition of the gentlemen and scholars, who thus keenly reviewing the literature of the age, contemptuously trample the trash of an hour, we must affirm, with a confidence, justified by truth, that they err, respecting the total penury of talents in America. We are not without eloquent orators and sagacious statesmen; and though a taste for classical learning is by no means general, yet there are some men, in this new world, WHO KEEP ALOOF FROM THE FRANTIC FOLLIES OF THEIR COUNTRYMEN; and, studious of Roman and British models, unite, with the *Caledonian spirit*, and the *honour of the Highlands*, an ardent zeal for a purer literature, than what the barbarian, the republican, the fanatic, or the *new* philosopher can supply.

We hail the return of "CLIMENOLE." His wish shall be a law to the Editor. We invite the communications of this learned correspondent, and respectfully request that, if it be practicable, he would furnish us with a satire every week. To gratify the impatience of the public and the Editor, as well as to prevent abruption, or incorrectness in the printing, it is desirable that *several* essays be forwarded at once.

"The BRITISH SPY" has a ready insertion. We must enjoin it upon the ingenious author, to furnish us, as soon as possible, with the continuation of the series. He is now pledged to periodical punctuality.

"FLORIAN" does not keep his promise. We hope he will soon oblige us with the stipulated speculations.

Why does "ITHACUS" linger by the turbulent Falls of Niagara, or mope under the mournful yews of the wilderness? Such a spirit as his should shun, with loathing, every savage scene, and seek the society of the wits and the belles.

The "RURAL WANDERER" is received, and welcomed.

† ——*But hold—forbear—*
I see a godlike portrait there—&c.] This is very spirited, but requires explanation. While the artist is pursuing the portrait of Bathyllus, Anacreon, we must suppose, turns round, and sees a picture of Apollo, which was intended for an altar at Samos; he instantly tells the painter to cease his work—that this picture will serve for Bathyllus—and that, when he goes to Samos, he may make an Apollo of the portrait of the boy which he had begun.

"Bathyllus," says Madame Dacier, "could not be more elegantly praised, and this one passage does him more honour, than the statue, however beautiful it might be, which Polycrates raised to him."

SELECTED POETRY.

GLEE.

Would you know where Freedom dwells?
Where jovial hearts carouse and sing;
Haunt these grots, explore these cells,
Here every subject is a king.

Sprightly Mirth inhabits here,
And Joy, that knows no listless pause;
For how should we dull mortals fear,
Who square our lives by Pleasure's laws

What's Fortune? Is it Chance, or Worth?
Peasant and prince their race must run,
Nor is there that poor spot on earth,
But's cherish'd by the genial sun.

—

SONG.

Like a very gallant, I will compliment all,
I'll leer and ogle the pretty,
Tell the short ones they're neat, the majestic, they're tall,
And call all the homely ones witty.

Thus, agreeable falsehood passing for truth,
I shall tickle their vanity snugly,
Talk of prudence to age, and of pleasure to youth,
And console with a fortune the ugly.

To the pale I'll on delicate lilies begin,
To the florid I'll hold forth on roses,
Call squinting a leer, find a smile in a grin,
And proportion, where chins kiss with noses.
Thus, agreeable falsehood, &c.

—

SONG.

Truly, friend Gil, thou choosest well,
Taking a helpmate homely,
For oftentime sad tales they tell
Of wives, who are too comely.

But cheer thee, Perez, and be gay,
From furnish'd brows exempted,
For how can she e'er go astray,
Who never will be tempted?

For thieves do never rob the poor,
A pebble's not a jewel,
Fruits do not blossom on a moor,
Fire burns not without fuel.

Up with thy heart then, Gil, be gay,
From furnish'd brows exempted,
Thy wife can never go astray,
For she will ne'er be tempted.

—

SONG.

Come, every man, now give his toast,
Fill up the glass, I'll tell you mine,
Wine is the mistress I love most;
This is my toast—now give me thine.

Well said, my lad, ne'er let it stand
I give my Chloe, nymph divine,
May Love and Wine go hand in hand;
This is my toast—now give me thine.

Gemmen. I give my wife, d'ye see;
May all, to make her blest, combine,
So she be far enough from me—
This is my toast—now give me thine.

Let constant lovers, at the feet
Of pale fac'd wenches, sigh and pine,
For me, the first kind girl I meet,
Shall be my toast—now give me thine.

You toast your wife, and you your lass,
My boys, and welcome; here's the wine,
For my part, he who fills my glass,
Shall be my toast—now give me thine.

Spirit, my lads, and toast away;
I have still one with yours to join,
That we may have enough to pay,
This is my toast—now give me thine.

—

SONG.

[The ensuing verses by Dibdin, contain a very exquisite compliment to Beauty, and a very pleasing sally of invention.]

Devoted to Celia, and blest in her arms,
How I thrill'd with delight, as I ran o'er her charms,
When I thought—on each grace as I gaz'd with surprise,
For pre-eminence pleaded her mouth and her eyes;
Like counsel this open'd, and t' other replied,
Appealing to me, as the judge, to decide.

Her mouth, opening sweetly, thus said with a smile,
'' 'Tis I who the torments of lovers beguile;
I can speak, I can sing, I can vent the fond sigh,
And vain may eyes promise, if I should deny;
Then while rows of pearl, vermil lips sweetly hide,
On our different charms 'twere not hard to decide.'

With ineffable sweetness, while looking me through,
Her eyes careless cry'd—' Why I can speak too,
And in such charming language, so made to controul,
That of sensible lovers it goes to the soul:
Mouths may fib; but eyes to the heart are the guide,
'Twere no difficult task on our charms to decide.'

Transported with rapture, I cried with an oath,
' Charming eyes, charming mouth, *I'm in love with you both;*
To express your sweet influence no language has terms,
One makes me a promise, which t'other confirms;
Your words and your looks are my joy and my pride,
On your different claims then how can I decide?'

—

[The following song by Dibdin, and sung by a hackney coachman, in character, will divert the reader, by the quaintness of that London *slang*, merrily stiled *St. Giles's Greek.*]

Here I am, my good masters, my name's Teddy Clinch,
My cattle are sound, and I drives to an inch;
From Hyde Park to White Chapel, I well know the town,
And many's the time I've took up, and set down;
In short, in the bills I'll be bound for't there's not
A *young* youth, who, like Teddy, can *tip the long trot.*

Oh the notions of life that I see from my box,
While flats of all kinds are about me in flocks:
The sot whom I drive home, to sleep out the day,
The kind one, who plies for a fare at the play,
Or your gents of the law, there, who, four in a lot,
To Westminster hall I oft tip the long trot.

My coach receives all, like the gallows or sea;
So I touch but my fare, you know all's one to me;
The men of the gown and the men of the sword,
A ma'am or a gambler, a rogue, or a lord;
To wherever you're going' I well kow the spot,
And do you *tip a tizzy*, I'll *tip the long trot.*

—

[Joshua Sylvester, the translator of Du Bartas, in his Ode to Astrea, has sometimes quaintly, but oftentimes naturally described a lover's admiration of the beauty of his mistress.]

'Tis not for thy beauteous eyes,
Though the brightest lamp in skies,
In his highest summer shine,
Seems a spark, compar'd with thine.
'Tis not, beauty's empress,
The amber ringlets of thy tress,
Curling to the wanton wind,
That so fast my freedom bind;
'Tis not all the dews ambrosial,
Of those pretty lips so rosial,
Make me humble at thy feet.
Though the purest honey sweet,
That the muses' birds do bring
To mount Hybla, every spring,
Nothing near so pleasant is,
As thy lively, lovely kiss;
'Tis not, O my Paradise,
Thy forehead evener than ice,
Though the silver moon be fain,
Still by night to mount her wain,
Fearing to sustain disgrace,
If by day she met thy face:
'Tis not, maid, thine ivory neck
Makes me worship at thy beck;
Nor that pretty double hill
Of thy bosom panting still;
Though no fairest Leda's swan,
Nor no sleekest marble can
Be so smooth or white in show,
As thy lilies and thy snow;
'Tis not all the rest beside,
Which thy modest veil doth hide;
Though Diana being bare,
Nor Leucothoe, passing rare,
In the chrystal flowing springs,
Never bath'd so beauteous things.
'Tis a something more divine,
'Tis that peerless soul of thine;
'Tis thine all-admired wit,
Thy sweet grace and gesture fit,
Thy mild pleasing courtesie,
Makes the triumph over me,
And for thy fair soul's respect,
I love the twin flames that reflect
From thy bright translucent eyes,
And thy golden hair likewise,
And those orient pearly rocks,
Which thy lightning smile unlocks,
And the nectar-passing blisses
Of thy honey-sweeter kisses,
And thy fresh and rosy cheeks,
Whence Aurora blushes seeks,
And the snow-exceeding skin
Of thy neck and dimpled chin,
And thy pure and lily hand,
Soft, and smooth, and tender, and
Those five nimble brethren small,
Arm'd with pearl shell helmets all,
And those ivory marble mounts,
Either, neither, both at once,
For I dare not touch to know
If they be of flesh, or no.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.